

# The St. Johns Herald.

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## The Wool Duty.

The wool manufacturer may be making a large profit—to which by the way, every man who carps his floor must make an involuntary contribution—but the laboring classes are protected to death or to the point of starvation. It is one of those cases in which everybody gets something, the boss a million and his employees a stale crust. This state of things may possibly be satisfactory to the capitalist, but whether the workingmen will be content with their share remains to be seen. Only one mill in Kensington is running on full time. The laborers there are lucky. One-third of the other mills are running on three-quarter time. The lowest possible wages and four days and a half of work out of seven! What does the wife do? She works at home trying to make both ends meet. And the children? They work, too, when they can get anything to do, for the merest pittance. Then two-thirds of the mills run on half time and less. Small wages and half time! And yet to hear the Republican leaders talk you would think that protection enables every man to send his boys to college or set them up in business, with property and plenty in every direction. On the other hand, it contracts the market, destroys competition with other nations, helps the few and grinds the many to powder! With free wool the world's markets will be open to us. Then if we haven't as much brains as the people of other nations and can't invent machinery that will give us our share of the general trade, that is our business. With an increasing demand for our goods the dead mills will start up. That means steadier work for the wage earners. The half time mills will run on full time—steadier work again. The laboring classes are beginning to see through this little conundrum, and when they do, the high tariff and the sweet soft sawder about protection as the panacea for all the evils in the poor man's life will suddenly take a trip to those picturesque regions where the wood-bine twineth.—New York Herald.

## Sundry Figures.

The present tariff of abominations establishes an average rate of 47 per cent. and fraction as the rate of duty on all imports. The Republicans call this protection and fight for it. The Mills bill establishes an average rate of 40 per cent., and upon this a shriek goes up and it is called free trade. One would think from reading Republican journals that customhouses were abolished by this Democratic measure, and that imports of all kinds were to be admitted into this country free. That would be free trade, but the honest observer can not see that a reduction of 7 per cent. on a tariff of 47 per cent. does away with custom-houses, and it does not. If ever there were a protective tariff in this country it was the tariff of 1842. It was so called and so fought for until 1846, when it was repealed. All the old Whigs, all the protectionists of the time, fought for that tariff as the palladium of industry, and for years looked back to it as the ideal of a protective tariff. The average rate of duty levied under that tariff was 33 per cent. Now, the Herald would like to ask its Republican friends, Is 33 per cent. protection and 40 per cent. free trade? Why do you wish to misrepresent facts and try to juggle with a phrase? How honest can that man be who must admit that 33 per cent. is protection and then declare that 40 per cent. is free trade?—Chicago Herald.

Citizens of New Mexico and Arizona have lost over \$2,000,000 from Indian depredations during the last twenty years. Claims to that extent have been filed against the government.

## Playing Confidence Games.

"A new class of swindlers have begun operations in Fifth Avenue and Upper Broadway," said one of Inspector Byrnes' detectives this morning while watching a well dressed woman across the street.

"That lady over there is a leading member of the gang," he continued. "She would make \$10 or \$15 to-day if let alone. She used to be a shop-lifter. Because of the danger of detection, and a certain knowledge that she'd be sentenced for the longest term possible if again arraigned before any justice in this city, she and some of her former companions have conceived the idea of making a good living as aristocratic beggars. You see they dress fashionably, have pleasing manners and know just whom to strike."

"A good natured business man is their victim every time. One of the gang will accost him in the middle of a block, out of hearing distance. Her manner of greeting him would lead one across the street to think her an acquaintance. In a low tone she says she has lost her pocketbook or been robbed. Her husband or brother, of course, is a member of the same exchange as the gentleman addressed. Her name is given and recognized, and then, with false embarrassment and blushes, she would trouble her victim for a few dollars."

"Nine times out of ten the unsuspecting individual will say, 'Why, certainly; pray don't mention it,' and pass over a five-dollar note in a hurry, glad at the opportunity to do it. The swindler asks for his card and goes in search of another victim, after expressing her hearty thanks. The same person is never struck twice, and in this way the swindlers escape positive detection. A few of the fraternity will tackle members of their own sex with a story calculated to win a dollar or two; but this is only done when there is a scarcity of male prey. They work all sorts of dodges, and are often successful simply because of their fine appearance and good manners. I tried hard to get a well known society man who had been swindled by that woman across the way to prosecute her but he declined, saying it would be a shame to lock up such a pretty woman."—New York Telegram.

The El Paso Tribune says a gigantic scheme has been proposed, by which the canyons of the Rocky Mountains are to be dammed up from the Canadian boundary to Mexico, in order to form vast reservoirs of water to be used in the lower country. Major Powell, director of the national survey, says the American Banker, estimates that at least 150,000 square miles of land might thus be reclaimed—a territory exceeding in extent one-half of the land now cultivated in the United States. The plan is to build dams across all the canyons in the mountains large enough and strong enough to hold back the floods from heavy rains and melting snow, and then let the water down as it may be needed upon the land to be reclaimed.

Arizona is destined to enjoy a big boom in ranch properties from all indications, as there were never so many demands and inquiries being made for good range properties as at present. When American capitalists are so eager for cattle ranges as to organize companies with the expressed object of securing grants of lands from the Brazilian and other South American countries for the purpose of growing cattle, it is but reasonable to suppose that such property in our own country is being proportionately enhanced in value.—Hoof and Horn.

A farmer in Santa Barbara county, Cal., has cleared \$800 this year from half an acre of pampas grass. The plumes readily bring five cents each.

## Aubrey's Great Ride.

Among the deeds of early life in the west the famous ride of F. X. Aubrey from the plaza of Santa Fe to the public square of Independence, Mo., as a physical achievement stands without an equal. Indeed it is doubtful if the history of the world can present a parallel to that great ride of 800 miles, through a country overrun with hostile Indians, a large part of the distance being through sandy deserts and leading across rivers, mountains and prairies, with only the sky for a covering and the earth as a resting place.

An old resident of this city, who used to know Aubrey, very well, in conversation recently said:

"When I first met Aubrey, about 1848, he was a young man of 35, the perfect picture of health and strength. Short, rather heavy set, weighing about 160 pounds, he had an honest, open countenance, and was one of the rising men of the plains. He was a French Canadian, came to St. Louis in 1840 and very soon afterward engaged in business as a Santa Fe trader, making trips to Santa Fe from Independence, Mo., and spending the larger part of his time in the saddle. He was a noted horseman, and spared neither man nor beast when on a journey. Everything he did was done with a rush."

Aubrey made two rides alone from Santa Fe to Independence. The first was on a wager of \$1,000 that he could cover the distance in eight days. He succeeded in reaching his destination three hours before the expiration of the time. He killed several horses in the ride, and it is said that the death of one horse on the way obliged him to walk twenty-five miles to Council Grove, carrying his saddle on his back, before he found another. He was the lion of the day at St. Louis and Independence after that ride. There were many powerful men and many good riders in those times, but not one of them dared to attempt to beat Aubrey's record. He determined to beat it himself, and on a second wager he left Santa Fe in 1851, and gave the severest test of human endurance I have ever known.

"I was on my way to Santa Fe (it was thirty-seven years ago) with a train of twenty-five wagons filled with merchandise, and knew nothing of his design. When we were at the Rabbit Ears, about 100 miles from the old Spanish city we saw a man approaching in a sweeping gallop, mounted on a yellow mare and leading another. As he came nearer, mistaking us for Indians, he whirled and retreated fifty or sixty yards, then turned to take a second look. Our wagons coming round a hill proved that we were friends, and, putting spurs to his steed, he dashes past, merely nodding his head as the dust flew into our faces. It was a great surprise to me for Aubrey to treat a friend in that style, but when I reached Santa Fe I understood it. Every moment was precious. It was the supreme effort of his life. Night and day he rushed on. Six horses dropped dead as he rode them."

"His own beautiful mare, Nellie the one he was riding as he passed our party, and one of the finest pieces of horse flesh I ever saw, quivered and fell in the agonies of death at the end of the first 150 miles. Several splendid horses had been sent ahead, and stationed at different points on the trail. No man could keep up with Aubrey. He would have sacrificed every horse in the west, if necessary to the accomplishment of his design. It was not money he was after, but fame. He had laid a wager that the trip would be made in six days."

"At the end of five days and thirteen hours, exhausted and fainting, he was taken from a horse that was trembling from head to foot, and

covered with sweat and foam, at the southwest corner of the present square of Independence. He sank into a stupor, from which he was not aroused for forty eight hours."—Kansas City News.

## Hold the Steers Upon the Range.

The corn crop in the steer feeding states, it is said, will be the best in years. This means that the industry of maturing steers will again start into activity in those localities. The general feeling of hopefulness in a future of better prices will be greatly stimulated among cattle feeders by the splendid corn crop that is pretty sure to be harvested this year.

It should now be borne in mind by our cattle raisers that the supply of cattle to the east of us, in the corn growing states, is nowhere near adequate to the demand; in fact, there are no cattle to speak of to be obtained in the central western states for feeding purposes. While the markets of slaughter are not likely for some time to be attractive to the range cattle grower, yet he will probably find a good demand from the feeders for all steers suitable for maturing. The range of New Mexico will be called upon without doubt to supply this inevitable demand. Our steers have generally shown splendid results when topped out in the feeding pens with corn. They take on flesh rapidly and are profitable to the maturer. The effort should now be made by the cattlemen to sell their good steers to the eastern feeders instead of forcing them upon a market this fall that is likely to be overburdened with unripe stock. The maturers will be glad to know where to find such stock as they want. They will come to the range to buy, which is a feature of the business that should be gratifying and satisfactory to the grower. On the ranch the seller will naturally have a bit more confidence in himself and his steers than when he is confronting the catalyst which the eastern markets of slaughter usually presents to him. The stockman here should encourage the movement, which we are confident will soon become a part of his business, to sell his product on the range. The toying with the lion on the camping ground of the buyer has been practiced long enough. Bunch up the steers and then invite invite inspection. The maturers will have to come to the range to get steers, if they continue to make beef for the market.

Don't fill the already plethoric purse of the big four by sending forward your steers to their slaughter pens. It is playing a game in which they always hold the winning cards.—Stock Grower.

## The Old Way and The New.

"How many rooms in your new house, my dear?" inquired a good old-fashioned mother of her daughter, who has just acquired a West side home.

"Ten apartments—reception room, drawing-room, dining-room, larder, cuisine, lavatory, and four chambers, besides the attic and furnace room," was the reply.

"Dear me, how your father gets things mixed," exclaimed the old lady. "He told me after he bought the house, that there was a parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, pantry, kitchen, bath-room, four bedrooms, a cellar and a garret."—Buffalo Express.

The total number of petitions filed under the French divorce law from 1884 to 1886 exceeds 20,000. Of the couples who in 1886 asked for divorce pure and simple twenty-four had been married 50 years. The largest number of disagreeing couples had been married from five to ten years. One hundred and nine couples wanted to be divorced before the honeymoon had waned. In 3,026 cases violence was the reason of the application.

## Territorial Items.

Water in the Walnut Grove lake has fallen from eight to twelve feet but summer rains will very soon raise it again.—Courier.

Leonardo Montoya, of Phenix, was assaulted by W. M. Owens, and beat over the head with a pistol. It is believed that his wounds will prove fatal.—Enterprise.

W. L. Whepley shipped 1,800 pounds of grapes and peaches to Southern California yesterday. The tide is turning rapidly, and its volume will increase.—Phenix Gazette.

The south side of the Salt river, Tempe, Mesa and other sections, will market \$75,000 worth of wheat and barley this season. The valley is marching along at a rapid pace.—Gazette.

Clifton and Morenci are the liveliest and best mining camps in the territory. Considering its immense and rich ledges of gold, silver and copper this is not to be wondered at.—Clarion.

The Mexican circus people raised the Mexican flag above the stars and stripes. The persuasive appearance of one of our citizens behind a double-barreled shot-gun resulted in the disappearance of the Mexican flag from view.—Clarion.

A rich specimen from a claim near the Tortilita camp was exhibited in town yesterday. The claim is known as the Monarch and is owned by Messrs. Milton, Moore and Bernard. The rich pay streak is said to be ten inches thick.—Citizen.

Parties in from the Noon mining district say there is a growing mining excitement in that district. The rich mines discovered some time since are developing permanent veins of rich ore and new discoveries are being made. The outlook for camp is flattering.—Tucson Star.

A private letter from Mr. H. B. Smith, to a friend in Nogales, states that he has been traveling in the mountains of Sinaloa visiting the different mines and towns. At Fuerte he met Frank Sinsel and Poppy Johnson, and at Pamerijo he saw Don Francisco Main. All were satisfied and doing well.—Nogales Record.

The stage driver of the Black Canyon route, on a recent trip, picked up a footman who was famishing for water, and brought him to Beacham's station, thereby saving his life. The man was a blacksmith, who, having secured a job, stated from this city to the Humboldt district, and losing his way came very nearly losing his life as well.—Arizonan.

Mr. Salazar is receiving large shipments of rich ore from the San Ricardo and other mines in Sonora. It appears that many Sonora mines are showing up a better class of ore as they are developed. Southern Pima county and northern Sonora will yet prove to be the richest mineral producing section of the country in the southwest.—Nogales Record.

The Arizona Mineral Belt railroad, running from Flagstaff out a short distance into the woods, seems to be having a measly time of it. It has been plastered all over, from one end to the other, with switches, spurs, ties and all, with mechanics' and laborers' liens, and on Wednesday it was sold by County Treasurer W. C. Bashford, for taxes, D. M. Riordan and W. C. Kennedy being the purchasers, the amount paid being \$2,600. To still further add to its litigious complications a verdict was rendered against it yesterday for \$10,000 in favor of the widow and child of James Neal, who was killed while in the employ of the company, in March, 1887. Seven thousand of this amount was awarded the widow and three thousand to the child.—Star.

## Lodged in Jail.

A Columbus, Texas, dispatch of the 21st instant says: J. T. Townsend, sheriff of this county, returned from Montgomery county on Monday and lodged in jail here the notorious desperado Stafford, who figured so conspicuously in Brazoria and Matagorda counties last fall. The sheriff also brought along another man, Gus Simpson. Stafford and Simpson are charged with the murder of a negro who was the principal witness against certain other parties for the murder of two negroes in the Colorado bottom below Eagle Lake. After the murder of this negro Stafford and Simpson fled the country, but Sheriff Townsend with untiring effort wired a description of them to various points in the state and offered a reward out of his private purse. The parties got as far as Willis, in Montgomery county, where Sheriff Simonton, at Sheriff Townsend's request, was on the watch. Stafford and Simpson rode up to a store in Willis, and Stafford dismounted and went into the store, when Simonton and his deputies covered them with shotguns and made them surrender. It turns out that Stafford is not the real name of the desperado who has been going under that name, but his real name is Dunham and he is wanted in other parts of the state for other crimes. After the arrest Stafford was completely shocked and let down.

Judge Biddle, of Pennsylvania, is a very close observer and some times gives impressions to his court quite unexpected to litigants, their representatives, jurors and spectators. In charging a grand jury a few days ago in reference to lotteries he remarked: "The history of public morality in regard to lotteries, is quite curious. I have a lottery ticket issued as far back as 1761, to aid in building a church at Oxford. That church was afterward presided over by a brother of President Buchanan. At that time lotteries were considered legitimate, and were almost as frequent as apothecary shops are today. But experience taught us they were demoralizing and stringent laws had to be passed against anything in the semblance of a lottery. At the present day lotteries are held only by two classes of people—very religious people and very bad people.—and strange to to say the most difficult thing is to eradicate them among the good people."

The last of the Apache Indians of Geronimo's gang who were confined at Fort Pickens, were removed to Mount Vernon, Alabama, by rail on the 21st of June. It was the intention of the government to send these, the youngest of the band to Carlisle, Penn., to school, but it seems there was no money for their transportation, and they were to be kept at Pickens until such time as the money could be got. The others, about fifty in number, were sent to Mount Vernon about a month ago. There are now very near five hundred Indians, bucks and squaws at Mount Vernon. It is supposed that the soldiers will leave here this summer to go into camp, and this, it is supposed, is the reason the Indians were removed from Pickens.—Florida paper.

"Where's the editor?"  
"Which editor?"  
"The one who wrote that blizzard on my connection with Jim Ferrigan the—"  
"He's dead."  
"Dead?"  
"Yes; died early this morning from an acute attack of—of—somenolence."  
"Ah! That settles it. Good morning."  
"Say!" (yelling down stairs after him) "come around this afternoon and he'll be ready for yer!"